

1/2d.

# Daily Mirror

"IF"

See Page 2.

No. 213.

Registered at the G. R. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CLEO AND HER SACKS OF LOVE LETTERS.

### WHAT THEY CALLED HER.

"The eternally shining sun."

"The everlasting moon."

"More brilliant than sunlight."

"A goddess and an unearthly angel."

"A star of first magnitude."

### WHAT THEY SAID.

"I have seen you, and shall forget you never."

"So many times did we cry 'Hurrah!' that we are quite enfeebled."

"The students of Gothenburg will count the moments in which they saw you as the sweetest of their lives."

"My sweet little Cleo, I am not a great man yet; but I will be if only my love is returned."

"I adore—I worship you. Love me, Cleo, love me a little."



Mlle. Cleo de Merode, the beautiful Parisian actress, whose wonderful locks enshrining her classical face have made her the admired of two continents, has just arrived in Paris again, after a "heart-breaking" tour in Scandinavia, where she was made the recipient of innumerable little billets doux. Extracts from some of the most passionate are given above.—(Photograph by Reutlinger.)











## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

## THE CITY.

A white whale, about twelve feet long, has been seen for several days in Loch Striven.

Benjamin Clough, of Bradford, starved to death a collie dog belonging to him. For this he has been fined 20s. and 40s. costs, or twenty-one days.

"Gee up, Bill, there's Julius Caesar behind in a motor," said a humorous carman to his mate, unnoticed behind him Mr. Beerboom Tree in his motor-car.

"He is always in and out of the prison and workhouse" was the description of Jeremiah Cocklin, who was ordered a month's hard labour yesterday for assaulting a West Ham Workhouse attendant.

## DIED FOR LOVE.

The death of the mother of Arthur Matthew, a footman, of Leominster, and his unrequited love for Mary Sargent, so depressed him that he refused food, and said he would die.

He, however, first shot Sargent in the back, and then fatally shot himself. The girl has recovered.

## FINED FOR INSULTING THE ALAKE.

The Aberdeen University Senatus yesterday fined six students £10 each, and another student £5, for insulting the Alake of Abokuta on the occasion of his visit to Aberdeen.

The students confessed to having bonneted the dusky chief, and somewhat roughly handled him. They afterwards expressed regret for so doing.

## REDUCING PUBLIC-HOUSE LICENCES.

At the Licensing Sessions held in England and Wales during February and March, 422 licences were refused, from which there were 263 appeals. As a result 21 appeals were abandoned, 108 dismissed, and 114 allowed; while 20 appeals are pending. Among the licences refused were 286 victuallers', 101 beer-house, and 35 other licences.

## CHERTSEY'S EX-M.P. BANKRUPT.

Chertsey was referred to in the Bankruptcy Court many times yesterday. There the creditors under the failure of Mr. J. A. Fyler, formerly M.P. for the division, met, and the chairman produced a statement showing liabilities £26,946, and assets £1,763.

The debtor attributed his position to losses by speculation on the Stock Exchange. The meeting was adjourned to consider a proposal made by Mr. Fyler.

## FATAL CHEAP DRINK.

William Hollis, forty-six, went to the United public-house, York-road, Battersea, and had half a pint of ale.

The potman left him in the bar a few minutes with three urns of spirit and a pewter pot of spirit drippings. Twenty minutes later Hollis was found outside helpless. That night he had to be put in a padded room, with delirious mania, and on Wednesday he died.

Yesterday the verdict was Death from alcoholic poisoning.

## NURSE FINED FOR WOUNDING BABY.

Ada Sprague, a nurse, in a fit of temper inflicted no fewer than sixty-five wounds on a three-year-old child of which she had charge, and other wounds "countless in number," said the doctor, between the shoulders.

The child was the son of Mr. Moritz Unwin, of Harrington-square, N.W.

Mr. Plowden, before whom Sprague was charged at Marylebone yesterday, expressed surprise at her being a nurse at all, and fined her 40s. and costs, or two months' imprisonment.

## "GOOD-BYE, MOTHER."

Five men were thrown into the Thames near Battersea through their boat capsizing, as they swam ashore, but one named Barton knowing that the fifth, William Henry Crane, could not swim, remained and helped him on to the upturned boat.

When sitting on the boat Crane suddenly collapsed, and, after crying "Good-bye, all. Good-bye, mother," fell into the water again, and was drowned.

At the inquest yesterday it was shown that death was not due so much to drowning as heart failure from the shock.

## ROYALTIES AT CHURCH.

During the services in the royal church at Sandringham, say the "Sunday at Home," the choice of hymns is invariably submitted to her Majesty, one of her greatest favourites being "Lead, kindly Light." At the end of the morning prayers the bell of the church sounds six clear notes, and while the intermediary hymn is being sung his Majesty quietly takes his seat.

Occasionally a noted divine may be amongst the King's week-end guests, and, if so, he preaches the sermon, but otherwise it falls to the domestic chaplain. As is well known, the King is in favour of short and practical sermons, and the service at Sandringham is never unduly protracted.

It was said of a woman charged at Southwark yesterday with drunkenness that she was drunk while two of her children were lying dead.

It was stated yesterday in a police-court case at Wood Green that 200 brass fittings had recently been stolen from cinnabar carriages at the G.N.R. sidings at Hornsey.

When George Dew was fined £5 at the City Court yesterday for being drunk at West Smithfield, it was stated that he had been fined £5 seven times and once £10.

Strikes are decreasing in England. From 1893 to 1898 there were 816 per year. From 1898 to 1902 there were 387 per year. And statistics just issued show that last year was comparatively free from them.

## KILLED BY A SCRATCH.

While spending a holiday in the Isle of Man a Nantwich gentleman of independent means, named Edgar Holland, accidentally scratched his finger.

Blood-poisoning set in, and he died within a fortnight. At the inquest a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

## BABY CUT TO PIECES.

While playing with a ball in a road running by the side of the railway in Mitcham a five-year-old child named Blackburn threw his ball on to the line.

He got over on to the line, which at that point is protected only by a fence and a thin hedge, to regain his plaything, and he was run over by a train and instantly killed, being shockingly mutilated.

## STRANGLER THOUGH ROPE BROKE.

William Blakeley, a card-cleaner, living near Dewsbury, was troubled about being unable to pay his rates, and while alone in the house he hung himself by a rope fastened to a hook in the ceiling.

The rope broke, but the noose remained tight, and the man was strangled.

## THOUGHT HE WAS A GHOST.

"Tommy" Taylor gave the landlord of the Briercliffe Oaks, at Sheffield, a shock the other night. The landlord had been on a corner's jury, and agreed that the body of a man who had died in the workhouse was "Tommy" Taylor, a doer of odd jobs.

The body supposed to be Taylor's was buried, but on the night of the funeral, to the landlord's consternation, "Tommy" Taylor called at the inn as hearty as ever.

## SALVATIONISTS VISIT AMBASSADOR.

The American contingent of the Salvation Army now in London marched yesterday afternoon to the residence of Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador, headed by their band, and led by Commander Booth-Tucker.

The band, while posted outside Mr. Choate's house, played a selection of English and American music, and the contingent, which was 400 strong, was very cordially received by the Ambassador.

## CAT AWARDED AS DAMAGES.

"Will you give the plaintiff a cat?" asked the Judge of a defendant at the Kingston County Court.

"I will," answered defendant. Then, the plaintiff being willing to accept damages in this novel form, the Judge, amid much laughter, gave judgment for him, ordering defendant to give him a cat.

The case thus quaintly settled arose through a Mr. Pike having shot a cat belonging to a neighbour named Gray, which was trespassing suspiciously near his chickens. Mr. Pike had put a notice up which read: "Trespassers will be prosecuted and all cats shot," but the Judge said that gave him no right to shoot them.

"I wrote that confession of misconduct to please my wife, who wanted a divorce," said a man against whom a separation order was made at West Ham yesterday.

Louisa Spreadbury, of South Norwood, who should have answered a drunkenness charge at Croydon yesterday, died during the night in the infirmary.

At a court-martial held at Chatham yesterday a bluejacket named Hunt was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour and dismissed his Majesty's Navy for insubordination and threatening to assault Captain Hickley.

## CALF-LOVE.

James Warburton was found drunk and asleep with his arms round the neck of a calf on a lurry, in Manchester.

With a view of mollifying the magistrates, he said he awoke as soon as the policeman touched him, but he was fined 5s. and costs.

## PEERESS WANTS ENGAGEMENT.

The lady anxious for an aristocratic companion has now an opportunity. The following advertisement is from the columns of a morning contemporary:—

A PEER'S WIDOW, of small means but many friends, is anxious to travel with a lady and CHAPERON her in society; first-class expense only, etc.

## FORTY-TWO YEARS FOR BURGLARY.

While engaged in burgling a jeweller's shop in Fulham-road, George Bush stepped on to a flower-box, which gave way and precipitated him into the stone-flagged area 30ft. below.

Described as a notorious burglar, who had been sentenced altogether to forty-two years' imprisonment, Bush was at Westminster yesterday sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

## WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL'S SUICIDE.

Sergeant Burr, who was attached to the War Office, went to Kingston on Thursday night to see a comrade, afterwards sleeping at the hospital.

Yesterday morning Staff-Sergeant Harrison found Burr lying dead on the dispensary floor with a bottle labelled "Frustric acid" by his side. The dead man had broken into the dispensary and thus obtained the poison.

## NUN'S DRAMATIC DEATH.

Mary Madeline, the Reverend Mother of St. Winifred's Convent at Holywell, was saying farewell to some nuns departing for Birmingham yesterday when she suddenly fainted, and died in a few minutes from heart failure.

She had been a Sister of Charity for forty years, her name being Miss Elizabeth Thompson, of Liverpool.

Her brother, who arrived on a visit, just saw his sister before she died.

## EXPLOSIONS DUE TO-NIGHT.

Between ten and half-past ten o'clock to-night lofty flash and sound rockets will be fired on heights between Bristol to London, while a balloon, taking a high course centrally over the firing line, will give similar signals.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon, of Newbury, will be in the balloon, and he requests anybody noticing the sights and sounds should communicate with him, giving the time at which they are noticed.

## HOMES SOLD FOR DRINK.

Mrs. Payton charged her son, at Stratford Police Court yesterday, with hitting her in the eye. In reply to the Clerk, she said he was drunk, whereupon her son remarked: "And so was you."

Prisoner accused his mother of selling his home to buy drink, and the mother retorted by saying her son bought a home for get married, but also sold it for drink.

The son was bound over.

## Collection for the "The Army." Brightest Spot in a De-pressing Day.

On the Stock Exchange most people looked uncommonly depressed yesterday. There was a little diversion in the West Australian market in the morning, where a well-known stockbroker, who is prominent in Salvation Army circles, was serenaded with drums and tambourines, and astutely turned the occasion to account by making a good collection for the "Army." It was more successful than stockbroking business in these times. Really apart from that it is difficult to find anything of interest. Those who found their way into Lombard-street banking circles mostly came back to the "House" looking uncommonly gloomy. They reported dearer money, and so there was a slackening of business and depression of prices. In fact most securities were dropping fractions, without any pressure whatever to sell, and simply through lack of confidence. There is no doubt that the Cape loan fiasco came as a shock to Stock Exchange underwriters, and that we are suffering from a surfeit of high-class loans. What we want is a rest, in order to allow the absorbing power of investors some reasonable chance. As it is, the general eating of the gilt-edged securities against the market, but next week there should be better money news.

## Gloomy, But Gritty.

Naturally Home Rails could not hold up against the prevailing sentiment, but the market seemed to have more grit in it than most other sections.

An American Rails the opening was gloomy, and people were not impressed by the overnight New York showing. But nobody likes to take liberties with the market, and prices were put over the New York closing. Canadian Rails rather a feature. In the afternoon New York seemed to accept our slight advances, and then Berlin bought, so that the close was a little brighter. Canadian Rails were dull, and in the Foreign group both Argentine and Mexican Rails were falling away, in the absence of fresh business.

Whether it was due to Port Arthur fears, Paris was rather disposed to lead. International securities, and Peruvian Corporations and other recent speculative favourites were also lower in sympathy. The rumour was put about of a hitch over the Newfoundland agreement.

Years for the safety of the Port of London Bill depressed Docks, but the second conference in the Brewery section now that the Government is tackling the Licensing Bill is earnest.

Admiral again showed his teeth yesterday. It was attributed more to "bears" taking advantage of the Consols position than to anything else. The Cape was said to be selling. Old mining securities were featureless, and the effort to work up Egyptian mining prices has quietly been abandoned.

## LATEST MARKET PRICES.

\* \* \* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike many of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the day.

The following are the closing prices for the day:	
Consols 2½ p.c. ....	89½
Do Account .....	89½
India 4 p.c. ....	92½
London C.C. Sp. 93 .....	92½
Nat. War Loan .....	97½
Transvaal Loan .....	97½
"Argentine 1880, 101 .....	101½
Do Fam. 102 .....	102½
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889-77 .....	77½
Do Wof Minas .....	80½
Chili 1880 .....	80½
Chinese 4 p.c. 1896-99 .....	100½
Egyptian Unified 1864 .....	106½
Do 1868 .....	106½
Jap. Sp. Gd. 1890-6 85 .....	85½
Do 4 p.c. ....	74½
Per. Debt .....	92½
Do Pref. ....	25½
"Portuguese ....	61½
"Russian 4 p.c. 1889-92 .....	92½
"Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd) 85 .....	85½
"Tchinsk 4 p.c. 1884 .....	84½
Uruguay 4 p.c. ....	97½
Brighton Debt .....	121½
Caledonian Debt .....	29½
Central London .....	91½
Chatham Debt .....	101½
Do Pref. ....	101½
Do 2nd Pref. ....	70½
Great Eastern .....	91½
Gt. Northern Debt .....	141½
Great Central A .....	142½
Great Western .....	142½
Metropolitan .....	96½
District .....	38½
Midland Pref. ....	92½
Do Debt .....	67½
North British Debt .....	141½
North Eastern .....	141½
North Western .....	141½
South Eastern Debt .....	67½
South West. Debt .....	67½
Do Ord. ....	103½
Atchafson .....	70½
Baltimore .....	82½
Chicopee .....	22½
Chi. Mil. R.S. Pl. 1482 .....	1482½
Denver .....	24½
Erie Shares .....	25½
Do Pref. ....	61½
Illinois Cent. ....	137½
St. Louis & N. V. 114 .....	114½
Missouri .....	17½
Ontario .....	27½
Norfolk Com. ....	29½
Pennsylvania .....	60½
Reading .....	24½
Southern Debt .....	22½
Southern Pacific .....	49½
Union Pacific .....	102½
U.S. Steel Debt .....	102½
Do Pref. ....	50½
Wabash Pref. ....	30½
B.A. Gt. South'n 132 .....	133½
Anglo-French .....	31½
Asiatic G. F. ....	28½
Belmont .....	27½
Barnato Com. ....	27½
Champ. Reef .....	18½
Chartered .....	18½
City & S. ....	69½
Cons. Gold S.A. ....	61½
De Beers .....	18½
East Rand .....	74½
East Rand M. Est. ....	49½
Geduld .....	61½
Gladstone .....	51½
Gold Coast Am. ....	21½
Gold'n Horsehoes .....	74½
Gt. Brit. Per. New 117 .....	117½
Do Drop .....	30½
Gt. Fingall 140 .....	140½
John. Cons. ....	87½
Knights .....	59½
Lang .....	24½
May Consolidated .....	47½
Meyer & Guarn. ....	54½
Modderfontein .....	54½
Mysore Gold .....	65½
Nie Valley .....	17½
N. Copper .....	18½
Nundydroog .....	18½
Oreogum .....	18½
Oroya Brevelille .....	34½
Primrose (New) .....	34½
Randfontein .....	24½
Rio Tinto .....	62½
Rand Mines .....	109½
Sons Gwalia .....	144½
Transvaal .....	144½
Waal .....	57½
Waglan .....	57½
Waglan .....	57½
Zambesi Explor. 11 .....	11½

\* Ex div. † Ex rights.

## EXPOSING THE STRAWBERRY.

The chief constituents of the strawberry are as follows:—Water, 89.500 per cent.; soluble salts (including free acid), 1.136 per cent.; protein, 0.800 per cent.; sugar, 5.800 per cent.; cellulose and seeds, 2.463 per cent.

On the whole, concludes the "Lancet," the strawberry is considered rather for the sake of its moisture, sweetness, and flavour than for any value that it may possess as a food, and according to analysis, this value is small."

## "IF" Makes Trouble and Joy.

If you have not a Fountain Pen, you are one who knows the trouble of wasted time in looking for nibs and a clean ink bottle. If you cut out the Coupon on page 2, you are happy indeed.

DAILY MIRROR



## NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
5 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1886 Gerard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Tailbout.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904.

## THE COST OF THE HEAT.

The heat is a great demoraliser, and in one way and another costs London a considerable sum of money.

It all happens in common, unnoticed ways. Heads of businesses sit in their chairs, looking and feeling slack. Their clerks show a tendency to talk and make intervals in what should be continuous work. This means overtime.

Omnibuses stop while the horses have a drink. Necessary, but a loss of several precious minutes to the passengers. Quite naturally, we also need more liquid; even getting a glass of water takes time away from business.

Brains in the heat are not so clear and quick. In a hundred small ways valuable business time is lost. Then, as the day wears on, the desire to get home for a little cricket or tennis lays hold of a man, and things are let go to make it possible.

With wills weakened by the weather, we follow the gospel of "Oh, that will do tomorrow." Half a century of continuous weather like that we had yesterday would make us a race of lotus-eaters. How great the influence of the sun on character is can be seen every day in the countries near the line.

Thrifty Yorkshiremen or pleasure-loving Cockneys, bustling Yankee or lazy Spaniard, a few years in the tropics reduces them all to much the same level of indolence.

## ONE PEER AND A MORAL.

The amazing story of the Marquis of Anglesey's jewels develops day by day. It reads in instalments like a newspaper serial. His lordship may be excused for his monumental follies on a plea of inefficiency of intellect, or he may not, but his conduct contains a moral which ought not to be missed by thinking men and women.

He and his actions are a comment in extravaganzas, in caricature if you will, on the craving of modern society after senseless show and unproductive pleasure.

The Marquis of Anglesey came into £110,000 a year. He had nothing to do but spend it, which he did in imitation on a large plan of the kind of expenditure he saw in society on a smaller scale. It all went on luxury.

Strong men and fighters laid the foundation of our aristocracy, but so long ago that it has become effete.

There are many titles that have been well earned, and many that have descended to worthy holders. There are numberless members of this section of society, which we vaguely call the aristocracy, whose merit deserves honour of their generation; but without a doubt we can no longer hold up the general tone of our highest class as a model of right taste and sound living.

It comes to this, that we have a leisured class, if not an aristocracy, to whom unproductive expenditure and a policy of giving with one another for mere show has become a gospel.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

## A Philosopher On Fisticuffs.

The fist is quick, immediate; but it is not conclusive enough; when the offence is at all grave, we see that it is really too lenient and ephemeral; and, besides, it has always movements that are a little vulgar and effects that are somewhat repugnant. In France it would be a pity to return to it. The sword, which has been replaced it since immemorial plays, is an incomparably more sensitive, serene, graceful, and delicate instrument of justice.—*Alphonse Maeterlinck*, in "The Double Garden" (Allen, 5s.).

## A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.



"'Ikey,' said the old man, 'if they ever vas to ask you vy you vas come to this country, you can say, 'There vas the men who vuddn't let them shut the door in mine face.'—(English history up-to-date.)"

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

The King is taking as much personal interest in the present Army crisis as he did in the last, which resulted in Mr. Brodrick being kicked upstairs. Those who have discussed questions of defence with his Majesty are of opinion that he favours conscription, even more as a means of building up a sturdy population than as a military measure. But he is naturally very chary of giving his views upon such a point. As a constitutional Monarch he must not have any!

By the way, those two amusing negro comedians, Messrs. Williams and Walker, who were at the Shaftesbury Theatre last year with "In Dahomey," have been telling American reporters what they thought of King Edward when they went to perform before him at Buckingham Palace. "The King," Mr. Williams declared, "is a jolly good fellow, and quite one of our sort." No doubt he meant it as a compliment, but we can imagine his Majesty smiling rather a doubtful smile if he ever reads this testimonial.

Mr. David Christie Murray is just the man to preside over the meeting of astrologers, palmists, soothsayers, cheimancers, necrologists, and prophets generally, which is to protest to-day against the "Daily Mail's" shrewd attack upon them. He is the champion of all lost causes, and at the same time ready to believe in anything off the beaten track. Every week in the "Handbook" of the "Referee" he writes in his always readable way about the movements of the hour, and only one or two out of every thousand know that he began life as a heavy dragoon.

His ideas were almost too much for the Royal Irish. His old adjutant once came across him in after days, and told him that if he had stayed another year in the regiment, it would have had to be disbanded. He was the most insubordinate private ever known. His proud spirit could not bear the rigid discipline, the pipe-clay, and the "insolent superiority" of the officers. So he left the Army (with his curse upon it), and found that the pen was mightier than the sword—in his hands, at any rate.

Presumably, from Miss Corelli's recent remarks on pagan churches and pagan clergy, she never heard of St. Ethelburg's, in Bishopsgate. If she had called there yesterday afternoon she would have had an excellent chance of looking into the work of an ancient church with a modern purpose. She would have found it a church with a six-foot parson—brains, heart, and spirituality in proportion, and with every activity for meeting the twentieth-century needs of a working-class, rather than a residential, population in the way of an always open church, organ recitals, and mid-day twenty-minute services. Most important of

all, in a fine set of parish rooms at the rear of the church she would have found a sale of work going on (it will still be on to-day) to pay for these new buildings, in which employers and employed meet to discuss the problems and conditions of their work; in which girl-secretaries, clerks, and typists can find a rest and recreation room for their off-duty hours; and in which social evenings with Dr. Cobb (the rector) and Mrs. Cobb for host and hostess, come gratefully to those to whom life in a large city would otherwise mean little but lodgings and loneliness.

Mr. Hearst will have to wait for his turn to come as a candidate in the United States Presidential contest. This time he has been passed over. Another time he may have a better chance. He is certainly one of the most remarkable young men of his age. He is only forty-one, but he already owns nine newspapers in the United States, and claims that his views reach five millions of readers. In a few years he hopes to be the proprietor of at least fifty papers and to supply the whole American population with political opinions and news.

What he has set himself to do is to fight the cause of the People against the Rich, who are banded together in trusts and combines and corners to rob their fellows. He is a rich man by birth himself, but he has no sympathy whatever with the plutocratic section of American society. He holds it up to scorn and contempt by every possible means, amongst which Mr. Oppen's famous cartoons in the "New York American" are not the least effective. In person Mr. Hearst is very tall and thin, with a keen face and the well-trained look of an athlete. Success in America certainly needs athletic qualities.

Everyone is asking, "Who is Allen Upward?" It is he who has got into such hot water with Liberals, as well as Conservatives, for parodying hymns and playing other pranks in the interest of the Liberal candidate for Chertsey. Well, Allen Upward won't care a bit what anybody may say about him. He is one of the wildest creatures who ever managed to get himself mixed up with dull, respectable, serious English politics.

He first came into public notice as a Volunteer in the Greek army during the war against Turkey. He managed to run the blockade of Crete more than once, and really helped the beaten side a good deal in his eccentric way. Then he began to publish all kinds of books which provided him with a little money and a great deal of amusement. Then he got appointed to a post in Nigeria, but he soon found that too unexciting. So he came back to ruin Mr. Sadler's chance of winning a seat in Parliament.

## A MAN OF THE HOUR.

## General Sir Nevills Lytton.

He is not a man given to casting bombshells when he gets upon his legs to make a speech. But he has certainly done it this time.

For the first military member of the Army Council to say that he is not at all happy, either about the present state of the Army or about the new scheme which is to see the light next week, is an uncomfortable state of things, to say the least of it.

It is true that the General's friends discount his gloomy attitude of mind. He is of a melancholy temperament, "inclined to think too much, to read too many books, and to listen to parsons too often," as a brother-officer once put it in a half-serious, half-humorous vein. In the field he is decision itself, a keen, practical, scientific soldier. At the Council-board he is of a less determined habit of mind.

Like all his brothers he played cricket, and played it well, though never quite so well as the Hon. Alfred, now Colonel Secretary. Wherever he has seen fighting, in Egypt and in South Africa, he has distinguished himself; and when he has been employed at the War Office his industry and level-headedness have been most useful to his chiefs.

When he was Military Secretary, it was said he had the whole Army List in his head, and could recite at once the record of any officer whose name might happen to come up.

His belief in conscription he shares with almost every one of our leading military commanders. It is to his credit that he does not mind speaking it out.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Are Paste Jewels? Of What Substance Are They Composed?

False diamonds and other precious stones are manufactured of a substance called strass, or paste, which is white, but may be coloured to represent the jewel imitated.

It is made of the purest, most highly refractive, glass that can be obtained.

These qualities are obtained in the highest degree from a flint glass, which is of unusual density on account of the large percentage of lead it contains.

When finished it is colourless, and consists of powdered quartz, 300 parts; red lead, 470 parts; potash (purified), 163 parts; borax, 22 parts; white arsenic, 1 part.

When the setting of the paste permits, a backing of looking-glass adds a brilliancy that makes it resemble a real diamond even more closely.

## DIDN'T OVERDO IT.

"Why do you roll your own cigarettes?"  
"Well, the doctor said I must take some kind of exercise."—*Journal Amusant* (French).



WHERE THE "MESSIAH" IS HIDING.



Pigott, the self-styled "Messiah," is now said to be prostrate with an attack of nerves, and is resting at his house, Cedare Lodge, Clapton.

AGAPEMONE CHURCH.



The church of the Agapemonites at Clapton, where the "Messiah" will probably conduct the service of the sect to-morrow. — (Photograph by Haines.)



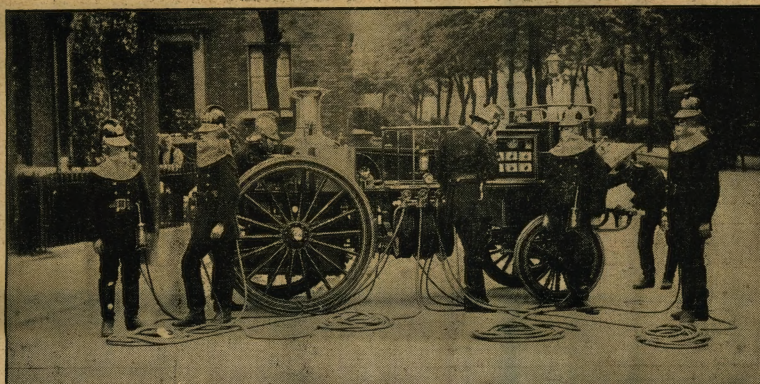
Although Bisley proper does not commence until Monday, the shooting is taking place. This is a



Scholes, after winning the Sculls, plunged into the river to refresh himself, and emerged dripping.

BARGAINS GALORE  
FOR YOU ON PAGE 16.

THE LATEST FIRE ENGINE.



The most up-to-date fire engine. It has just been built by Messrs. Merryweather for the Manchester Fire Brigade, and is supplied with a barrel air-pump for working the new smoke helmets. Besides carrying six 60-feet lengths of rubber tubing, for attachment to smoke helmets, it has a telephone service and a complete electric lighting outfit.

AS THE RUSSIANS SEE US.



This is an effort by a Russian cartoonist to depict for his fellow-countrymen how the Britisher spends his time at seaside resorts.



Miss Joan Ashley, the remarkable young contralto who has scored a great success at the big Albert Hall Charity concert.

Look at page 2.



A photo taken by Mr.

SNAPSHOT



This photo of the bo... Murden shows the huge... the shops



# THE ARMY'S CRACK MARKSMEN.

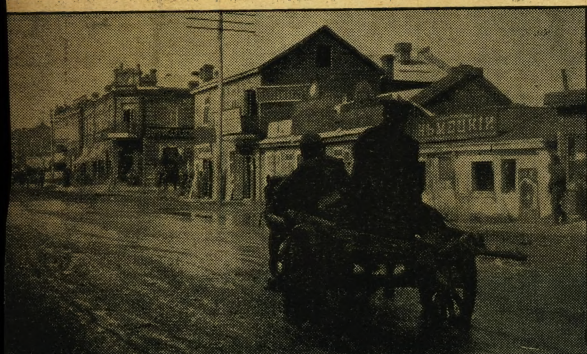


y, the greater number of the competitors have already arrived in camp, and some preliminary shooting is now photograph of the sixty best shots in the Army.—(Photograph by Knight, Aldershot.)



Sgt. Harrison, R.E., winner of the Silver Jewel; Sgt.-Maj.-Inst. Robinson, winner of the Gold Jewel; and Sgt. I. Cunningham, winner of the Bronze Jewel at Bisley on Thursday.

## QUE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. CHARLES E. HANDS, THE WELL KNOWN WAR CORRESPONDENT.

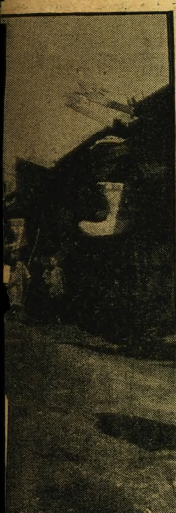


Hands at Harbin, showing the main street and inhabitants knee-deep in mud.



A snapshot of General Kuropatkin at Mukden. The General is the short, stout officer, whom the others are saluting.

## TAKEN BY MR. HANDS AT MUKDEN.



Stmakers' street in Mukden, showing boats lying outside the signs.



Snapshot of a number of correspondents, photographers, and soldiers awaiting the arrival of General Kuropatkin at Mukden station.

## 40,000 SUMMONSES.



P.C. Williams, on retiring after twenty-six years' service, has been presented with a watch by the Mayor of Kingston, on behalf of the Bench. He has created a record in serving 40,000 summonses.

## ARMY REFORM.



General Lyttelton, senior member of the Army Council, made a scathing speech on the military outlook on Thursday evening. He asserts that the new Army Council is "making bricks without straw"; and he deplores the scarcity of recruits of the old stamp.



## COIFFURES AND TOILETTES AT THE LAST COURT BALL OF THE SEASON.

## THE MEN ALL WOMEN LIKE

## APPROBATION IS THE RESULT OF CHIVALRY.

Somebody once drew a comparison between a man's memory in love matters and a woman's. He showed that a woman's was beyond doubt the longest, because, though a man sometimes forgot the very name of an early sweetheart, and even feels a little vague about a girl he has supposed himself to be in love with in much later life, a woman never lost from her tender memory one possible detail about every lover she had had, even when they were in round jackets.

This is undoubtedly true. The man a woman once loves has taken a place in her heart too firm and fixed for him ever to be dislodged, and, even

when she has not returned his love, the fact that he has loved her establishes a claim upon her gratitude that can never afterwards be wiped out.

But it is not only the man who loves her, and whom she loves, that a woman never forgets. There is a special type of man who secures a place in her memory quite apart from that bestowed upon him by her involuntary affection.

The girl to whom a man has been kind when first she came out in society never forgets him. To many shy girls, brought up strictly in the nursery

and the schoolroom, that same coming out is a more terrible ordeal than many people would believe. It seems to her that she is plunging headlong into a new world, with whose customs and ways she is totally unacquainted, and she is desperately afraid of doing or saying something that may betray to the world at large how entirely she feels herself at sea. If, in this lonely, helpless sort of social wilderness, the man who takes her into her first dinner, or dances with her at her first ball, shows her any consideration or appreciation of her trying position, she is ready to regard him as a hero in her eyes, and to give him a shine for ever in her memory.

If a girl fears of a man defending her when other women run her down—she will never forget that man. In truth the man who does not defend an absent woman, whether she is known to him or not, is a poor specimen of his race, even though she is only assailed by other women's sneers. It is almost a point of manhood to do or say something to show he does not side with what is said; but the woman, when she hears it, does not take that fact into consideration, she only sees in him

pending by the operator. To clean the rollers rub them first with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil and follow this process with soap and water. Always loosen the rollers before putting the wringer away.

Candles burn better and more slowly if they have been stored in a dry place six or seven weeks before being used. Soap will go twice as far if it is well dried before being cut up for use. It should be cut into small blocks, and be arranged in tiers with spaces between each to allow them to dry.

## HAIRDRESSING HINTS.

## THE POMPADOUR DEPRESSED IN THE CENTRE.

The summer season always brings about more changes in the coiffure than any other. There is a well-defined effort visible at present to flatten the line of the head above the temples and at the back of the ears. This need not prevent the hair from being undisturbed, but it prevents it from drooping over the ears and hiding them.

Instead of taking the Pompadour roll straight across the head, it is lifted forward, and when side-combs are used they are shallow and short, and are caught in the hair in a manner that accentuates this forward tilt. It is said that combs are to be a conspicuous feature of the near future, but at present the majority of the smartest women wear only one, which is placed above or below the round knot of tresses on the crown of the head. No ornament is allowed on these except a narrow rim of gold, or a flat band of tortoise-shell, studded with tiny jewels, such as diamonds, emeralds, turquoises, and pearls.

The abrupt and conspicuous point falling over the forehead in the front of the Pompadour has not been considered good form for six months, but most wise women give a slight point to the roll of hair in the exact centre, because it is becoming. The best way to make this point is to roll the hair into a perfectly round Pompadour, then using a hat-pin or small comb to pull the centre of it down and loosen the tresses to avoid any heavy effect on the brow.

Another method is to divide the Pompadour into three parts, using a slender strand for the centre and twisting this into a slight point to make the large Pompadour from the two side pieces.

In the very newest coiffure the hair is brought well over the top of the head, caught there in a depression with a pin, divided into two parts each rolled over the finger into a long puff, and brought down to the centre of the Pompadour. It is fastened with small, invisible hair-pins, and should be deftly done to look attractive. This is a pretty mode for evening wear, particularly for the woman past her first girlhood.

## A SUMMER SALE.

## TEMPTING BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

The extensive premises of Messrs. Boardman and Sons, 54 to 70, Broadway, Stratford, are to be devoted to a summer sale next Monday, a gigantic affair which will last until the 25th of this month, and is sure to be largely patronised.

Imagine being able to purchase black marabout stoles for a halfpenny under five shillings, and silk parasols with the fashionable wide grass lawn border for the same price! Those are two items taken haphazard from the list of delights, which is so ample that pages might be devoted to its chronicle.

The firm's furniture should attract those about to marry, for sale prices reign supreme there, and include marvellous bargains in household linen, curtains, and table-covers. The second-hand furniture should also receive attention.

It is noticeable that even in those departments that are not usually subject to sale reductions, such as the one devoted to shoe-leather, there are salient and most satisfactory reductions. It would, in fact, be hard to name any want that cannot be satisfied at Messrs. Boardman's, which is a little city within itself of requisites for the household and the person.

## ANGELA

53, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The smartest Costumeière and Milliner in the West End.—Vide Fashionable Press Opinions.

## CHIC SPECIALITIES.

HATS . . . 1 to 3 Guineas.

BLOUSES . 2 to 5 Guineas.

COSTUMES 5 to 20 Guineas.

Terms—Cash or London Trade Reference. Country orders under £5 cash with order.



A handsome comb for the hair of emeralds and diamonds matched by a jewelled osprey.

The pretty velvet rosette sketched above is studded with crystal sequins, and is a charming ornament for a girl's tresses.

her champion; and the woman who can ever forget the man who championed her would be unworthy of the name that was her only claim upon him.

Then, again, a woman never forgets the man who has done her lover or husband a good turn. Perhaps the surest way to her friendship is through those she loves. She may treat the man who loves her with a light, amused disdain; she may play with the man she loves, just to gratify her love of teasing, or to feel the extent of her power to make him happy or miserable; but be kind to the man she loves best in the world, and you have established a claim upon her that can never be forgotten—if you are of his own sex, that is to say. She takes far less kindly to favours done to him by women.

Though, even if you are a man, you must not pose as a rival in her husband's love. Women have been known to be foolish enough even to be jealous of their husbands' bachelor friends just because they look upon them as wanting to claim too much of their time and attention.

## A Sure Way to Her Heart.

Be kind to a woman's children and she will never forget you. Praise the baby, say nice things about the little boy's cleverness, and give the girl sweets whenever you meet her, and you will win the mother's liking and regard. Even in after years, when you have long passed out of her life, and she can't think what your name was, she will speak of you as "that nice man who was so good to the dear children."

There are some men formed by destiny never to be forgotten by the women whose paths they cross. These are gentlemen in the real sense of that much-abused word—chivalrous, brave, unselfish, and tender. If a man feels an ambition to be kept through life in a woman's friendly memory he has only to become such as these.

## ECONOMIES TO BE PRACTISED EVERY DAY.

The smoke-stained chimneys of lamps should be washed in warm water and soap, and be rubbed while they are wet with vinegar or dry salt. They can also be cleaned, as may be globes on gas fixtures, in warm water and soda, and then in warm water and ammonia.

Sugar should be bought in small quantities, as it dries and loses its flavour if kept. Raisins, currants, and candied peel will not keep long. Vinegar soon loses its flavour if kept, and so does Lucca oil. Macaroni will not keep, and spice, pepper, and roasted coffee, too, soon deteriorate.

Do not fail to oil the wringer every time when washing. If oiled often there is less wear on the machinery and less strength is needed to be ex-

At last night's Court Ball Lord Swann's twin daughters, Miss Alexandra and Miss Alberts Vivian, who are god-daughters of the King and Queen, were dressed alike in very picturesque toilettes composed of blue satin souple trimmed with quaint ruffles of white chiffon upon the skirt, and completed by bodices, mainly of white chiffon, in the form of a deep chemisette and a Marie Antoinette fichu. It was noticeable that many tulle gowns were worn of the ballet dancer model, so called because layers of not are super-imposed one on the top of the other. Notable colours were damask-rose and soft grey-blue.

## EIFFEL TOWER

The finest Messina Lemons are used in the manufacture of Eiffel Tower Lemonade. You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive. Made from fruit and sugar only.

A 4th. BOTTLE MAKES 2 GALLONS OF HOME MADE

## LEMONADE





## WHITE "CHUNCHUS'S" FATE.

### Unfortunate European Decapitated with Chinese Brigands.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Wednesday.

A letter from a Captain Kisileff, received here to-day from Mukden, gives the following sensational story:—

"I have been to-day on the most extraordinary duty that has yet fallen to me. . . . A half-Russianised Chinaman was found to-day in the market-place spreading the report that a European had been executed by the Chinese authorities as a chunchus or brigand.

"We took the Chinaman as guide, and rode to the spot. . . . Four headless bodies were lying in a ditch. Two were clothed, but the others had been stripped naked, and in one of the latter we recognised, to our horror, a European. The head was absent, having, no doubt, been stuck upon a gate as a warning.

"The Chinaman told us that as he was walking through the square, he saw a large crowd, and knew at once that an execution was taking place. Hurrying up, he saw three headless chunchuses

sprawling on the earth. Tied to a wooden frame before the executioner was a man whom he recognised at once as a European.

"The man was enveloped in a sack, but what clothes he had on underneath the Chinaman could not see. He had a shock of brown hair, and looked as if he had been in prison for some days. Several times in a frenzy he turned his head as far as the frame would allow, and tried to shout to the Chinese official. All the Chinaman could hear was, 'Ya niet chunchus' ('I am no chunchus'), which he recognised as a foreigner's attempt at Russian.

"The mysterious European then began to talk to himself aloud—it was evidently a prayer—in an unknown language, but before he had finished the executioner's sword descended, and the head rolled in the dust, while the immense crowd present shouted gleefully 'Kho!' (Good!)

## CHARMED WITH PARIS.

### English Workmen Delighted with Life on the Boulevards.

It was a very unshaven and sleepy crowd that poured out of the Newhaven Special at Victoria early yesterday morning. It consisted of about three hundred British working-men delegates returning from their visit to Paris. They had been travelling all night and were not in the best of

temper, at first refusing with one accord to discuss their visit.

"I'm sleepy," said one; "besides, I want my breakfast." The thought roused him. "I should like to know where I'm to get it," he exclaimed excitedly. "Not a place open—it's disgusting. They know better than that in Paris; you can get breakfast at three in the morning if you want to. Here—" he broke off suddenly; words failed him.

He was wide awake by this time, and consented to talk.

"Had a good time?" he echoed, "I should say so. Eight-seventy all day; dinners, concerts, music-halls, and receptions all night. Beautiful ladies to look at, ambassadors and kings to talk to—I never had such a time in my life."

"They do do you well," he went on enthusiastically; "no kicking you out of restaurants at midnight as they do here. Everyone was good to us, particularly the women. Their welcome was so warm we felt at home at once."

"Of course we did all the usual sights, such as the Louvre, Palais Royal, Bois de Boulogne, and so on. We were received and shaken hands with by President Loubet and the British Ambassador, dined among the palms in the Jardin d'Acclimation, and saw the sights of the city. Their politics? The visit was not political, but I can tell you that visits like ours do more to bring the two countries together than all the treaties ever signed."

Then, dreamily and listlessly, he began to put them together, becoming conscious as he did so of a great buzzing pain at the back of his head and the aching weariness of all her limbs.

"Yes, she had lost her balance, straining over to grasp the water lilies. I know I should have prevented her, but women are fanciful at all times, and she had made up her mind to pick them herself. Margaret caught the water and recognised her husband's voice, but to whom was he speaking, and to what was he referring? Water-lilies, water-lilies; her brow contracted, she had a hazy idea that the words carried some painful recollection with them, but at the moment her mind was a blank.

She lay silent, plucking at the warm blanket with nervous fingers, appreciating the comfort of the heavy silk quilt, watching the firelight flicker on the wall, and then she closed her eyes drowsily and relapsed into a state of semi-consciousness.

The next time she stirred, her head was resting against a man's black coat sleeve, and something warm and stimulating was being poured down her throat. Margaret drank with some eagerness, and then life seemed to awake in her veins and to shoot through her being.

"That's right," murmured a voice, encouragingly, "you are feeling yourself again now; sip a little more of this nice, hot drink, Mrs. Chevenix, and you shall soon have you sitting up, brisk and cheerful."

Margaret swallowed the cordial obediently, asking herself when and where she had heard that voice before? Suddenly, like a flash, everything returned to her, and she recognised the man for Dr. Seton. She remembered the events of the evening; every episode swept, lightning-like, across her brain, even down to that last terrible moment when she had flung herself into the deep pond, crying on God to forgive her the manner of her death—to receive her soul.

And now she had refused the uneasy soul she had been flung back to life, perhaps to endure more agony, more shame.

"I am not drowned," she raised herself on her pillows, with large, horror-stricken eyes gazing at the doctor's kindly, clean-shaven face, whilst her damp hair fell loose on her shoulders, and she realised the pallid image of despair. "Why am I alive? she moaned feebly. "Oh, why am I alive; the water was cold enough?"

"Margaret," began Robert Chevenix impudently, whilst stepping forward to the bedside, but the little doctor laid his hand on his arm and pushed the great man back, for the woman had uttered a loud, almost frantic, scream.

"Hush! not a word, as you value her life and her reason," he said sternly, "the shock has unhinged her brain; leave her to me." And then he bent over Margaret.

"Go to sleep, my poor lady," he murmured tenderly. "Don't try to think out or to remember things; the water was very cold. Yes, yes, we know that, but you are warm enough now. Here's such a bright fire, and what a fine silk counterpane you've got; such a pretty pattern, too—roses and rose leaves."

"Tell me the truth," and, helped by the madness of her despair, Margaret gained strength to sit up in bed and look the man in the face. "Tell me the truth," she went on wildly. "If one longed to die, could one get very ill? Would it be possible? Or might one fight back death?" "Quite possible," he answered soothingly, trying to lay her back again amongst her pillows. But she resisted obstinately. He thought he understood her. What she meant was that she realised the harm the shock might have done, and had a strong desire to know if she ran the risk of a severe illness.

"Do you hear that, Robert?" she called out feebly, and then she addressed herself once more to the doctor, this time with fierce and terrible eagerness. "Am I in no danger—tell me the truth? I feel ill—yes, very ill."

"Life! Don't try to think of life," said the doctor before she could open her mouth. "They both rest in God's hands. Mrs. Chevenix, remember that a shock like the one you have just experienced might, naturally, prove harmful to you, for you are not strong; but we must trust

## A MILLION FOR A MOMENT.

### American Boys' Visit to the Bank of England.

The fifty lads from the American mercantile training ship St. Mary yesterday continued their inspection of the sights of London, and were greatly impressed by what they saw in the Bank of England.

There Mr. A. T. MacCarthy conducted them through the vaults, and showed them stores of wealth that made the youthful Americans gasp.

"Oh, gee!" exclaimed one of them, "this beats the American Treasury and Wall-street into fits."

When, however, the conductor permitted each lad to hold in his hands, "only for a moment," a bundle of bank-notes of the value of one million pounds sterling their interest developed into positive excitement.

"It's just about sufficient to run against Roosevelt at the election," said one, while a budding Republican "guessed if Roosevelt had a pile like that he could buy the Democrats right out."

They reported reluctantly enough from the treasures of the Bank to the Mansion House, where they were graciously received by the Lord Mayor.

Subsequently the lads left for Southampton to rejoin their ship.

that such shock will have no ulterior results. Pray to the Lord of life and death if you feel nervous, dear lady, and try to compose yourself—try for your husband's sake as well as your own."

"Ah, I will pray to God," she answered, with a dim and curious smile, "and we shall see what answer He will make; yes, we shall see Dr. Seton, if God is merciful."

She is calmer now, and happier in her mind," whispered the little doctor to Robert Chevenix, but the great man made no answer, beyond a curt nod of the head, for he knew better, guessing well what the nature of Margaret's prayer would be.

## CHAPTER XXXIII. Paul Carew Writes to His Wife.

Amy Grimwood looked at the thick gold wedding-ring on her finger and gave a contented sigh. She had been married for several weeks, and no voice from the past had startled the soft harmony of her life; no unwonted apparition had forced rude passage across her path.

It was easy enough for a woman of her temperament to forget a danger that never intruded itself into her presence, and to be simply happy in the present. Amy had too careless and butterfly a nature to be afraid of shadows, and Paul Carew had become a mere shadow. She had banished him to a mental cupboard, had locked the door, and lost the key.

"I do feel so wonderfully happy, Hannah," she confided to her grim maid, for Hannah White had followed her mistress's fortunes, and was now installed with the bride in the bedroom at Deercourt.

She shrugged her lean shoulders now as Amy habbed on; Amy, pleased with her pretty reflection in the looking-glass, the gladness of the July morning, and ready to be friends with the whole world. Not that Hannah grudged the light-heartedness of her mistress, but in her own, only she looked further than Amy did, and always before her eyes dawned the day of reckoning.

"It's so perfectly delicious to feel happy," the bride murmured, "and Julian makes an ideal husband. Oh! what a beautiful home he has brought me to, Hannah. Sometimes I fancy I must be living in a dream."

Amy was in such spirits that she lifted an old song merrily, casting shy glances at her dour handmaid. She was so happy herself that she wanted to see Hannah smile, but the grim woman shook her head and frowned.

"If you sing before breakfast they say that you cry before night," she remarked, slowly; "my dearie," she added, with a touch of pathos, "it's not that I don't like to see you happy, but somehow happiness seems unnatural, and makes me more afraid of it than sorrow would. We know sorrow, but we don't understand happiness, Miss Amy."

With these sombre and morbid words ringing in her ears, Amy tripped down the wide staircase to the pleasant white parlour, as the room was named, where she and Colonel Grimwood generally breakfasted.

Julian Grimwood had not yet appeared. Doubtless he was strolling round the stables, and would be in directly, for he was an early riser, and generally out and about whilst Amy sipped her tea lazily in bed. To-day the woman was thankful that he was not in the room to greet her, for her quick eyes perceived a small packet resting by her plate on the breakfast table, and, as she took it up to examine it more closely, she could hardly repress a scream. She recognised the handwriting as Paul Carew's, and it was directed to her by her new name and addressed to her new home. She tried to summon sufficient courage to open the little packet, but her fingers trembled too much. At last she tore the envelope open, and found a small wooden box; this she had some difficulty in opening.

(To be continued on Monday.)

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

### CHAPTER XXXII. (continued.)

The temptation to leave the unhappy woman to her fate! Robert Chevenix struggled fiercely with this hellish desire, striving to deafen his ears against the phantom voices who pursued him with their counsel, tempting and urging him to take no steps to prevent Margaret throwing away her life in a wild paroxysm of despair.

A ghastly vision of Margaret floated before his vision. Margaret as he might look to see her after she had been drawn out of the pond. She would be dark and pallid—all the fresh colour gone from her cheek and mouth, her face bloodless and tinged with blue, water might drip from her sodden garments, water weeds be caught and tangled in her hair.

The whole of his past life seemed to stretch out before him, clear and cold—every hour, every day. He saw the past as clearly as the vivid moonlight showed him the branches of the trees outlined against the dark night sky; he marked even the feathery tops of the first and the sharp jutting twigs of the hazel bushes.

He put his hand to his brow and covered his eyes, but to what avail? He could not blot out the vision of Margaret's accusing face. Yet, if he saved the would-be suicide—what then? Sooner or later the whole truth must come out; Margaret would scream the discovery of his identity to the world—she was the woman to keep silent. The blood rushed to the Premier's forehead. No, by all his Gods, this thing should never be. He would not allow such a scandal to touch the race. The men who had helped to build up the Chevenix family history would turn in their graves with horror; the proud escutcheon would be defamed.

His word against Margaret's, but he could make no fight against her oath and the proofs she might bring, and then what an overthrow, what a downfall! He would be denounced on all sides as an impudent charlatan, a bold impostor; he would be thrown down from his high estate and levelled to the dust.

That she should die was, after all, the only possible way out of the tangle, surely the most hideous tangle the "grey sisters" had ever twisted. And what a cruel way!

Would the water be kind to her, freezing the life about her heart and stiffening her limbs mercifully, or would it play with the victim, dallying with her physical agonies, prolonging existence to the point of physical torture?

The woman pines! He recollected having heard the words before, and now their full force came home. Yes, the words, even as Margaret had paid and was about to pay. Something stirred at the Premier's heart, and he felt that the sacrifice must not be; he could not stand by in cold blood and allow a woman to kill herself almost before his very eyes. Whatever there was left in him of manliness must prevent such a crime.

He turned to follow Margaret to the pond, crashing his heavy way through a tangle of shrubs, forcing aside the bushes, making a rough passage. A bird flew out, almost brushing against his face and scaring the man horribly. It was a large white screech owl, and he remembered hearing that they were considered birds of ill-omen and regarded as the harbingers of misfortune and death. He cursed the white, whirling thing savagely, and it was a relief to his overwrought nerves when he started and cursed again, for somewhere, probably in the wood that edged the grounds, he could hear the bird's mate screeching, and the sharp, melancholy cry was like the wail of a lost soul, affecting even his iron nerves.

"Hell is abroad to-night," he muttered to himself, as he hastened on, "and the eternally doomed are shrieking to each other. That was no owl; it was the ghost of some dead sin." He

hurried on faster, talking aloud as he went. "Oh, my God!" the exclamation burst from him, and he quickened his pace to a wild run, for he had heard a dull, heavy splash, and then a shriek—a woman's shriek—no cry of owl this time, but the fierce cry of a woman facing death.

When he reached the pond the moon was casting silver gleams over it, and he noticed a long, thin ripple, but the ripple slowly dissolved and the pond was a mirror.

He had flung off his coat as he tore his headlong way through the green tangle of the shrubbery, and now he stood silent, waiting. The idea Margaret had entertained about the water lilies returned to him in full force, and the strong man shuddered. The faces of drowned men and dead heads, yes, he saw the resemblance, too, and he felt the sense of nausea. The moon went in behind a cloud. The pond and the world were blotted out, swallowed up, as it were, in darkness.

The darkness would be Margaret's winding-sheet, for Robert Chevenix had been waiting to see her rise to the surface of the water before he himself plunged in. He was a good swimmer, and he had saved a man's life once in the old days, but this sudden cloud passing over the moon would make it impossible to see the stir of the water, and Margaret would be hidden from him, even as by the darkness of the grave.

He hastened to the brink of the pond and stood erect and silent, listening intently, for at all once his ears detected the faint sound of splashing water. Margaret must have risen to the surface again, must be flinging her hands up in a desperate struggle with death.

Without losing a second he plunged into the water, and set out with clean, straight strokes in the direction whence the sound had come. He swam rapidly, he followed as a general rule, a hideous nightmare, one of those appalling dreams when the stairs slip away under the climber, or a wall of dull grey mist suddenly intervenes between the dreamer and his desire.

He could not find Margaret. He searched, but could not find, and the second of time that intervened seemed like an hour. The terrible fear that he would never find her knew she was close at hand, and yet beyond his reach.

The water felt very cold, and a prickly sensation ran right down his spine; his ears were pierced with loud roars, and his heart seemed beating like a sledge hammer; but he only realised one fact—he had found Margaret round his feet, something that felt like a tangle of soft seaweed; but the man knew it to be the drowning woman's hair.

He clutched at it with all his strength, pulling the dead weight of her body to him. She was dead, or unconscious, but he could only realise one fact—he had found Margaret round his feet, something that felt like a tangle of soft seaweed; but the man knew it to be the drowning woman's hair.

He clutched at it with all his strength, pulling the dead weight of her body to him. She was dead, or unconscious, but he could only realise one fact—he had found Margaret round his feet, something that felt like a tangle of soft seaweed; but the man knew it to be the drowning woman's hair.

A moment later the man stood on dry land, but he smiled triumphantly as he clasped the woman's limp form, for a faint stir of her pulse betrayed the fact that she was yet alive and that the work of rescue had not been all in vain.

An hour or so afterwards Margaret opened her eyes to find herself in her own bed in her bright, cheerful bedroom. A blazing fire burnt in the grate, and she seemed swallowed up in quilts and blankets.

Several people were in the room, and she had a vague and hazy sense of well-being, a dim memory of having escaped some very terrible danger; but as to what the danger might be she had no recollection, and she felt too tired and weary to rack her brains in the effort of trying to find out.



## STARVATION IN STAGELAND.

Worst Theatrical Season on Record Brings Keen Distress to the Less Fortunate of "the" Profession.

This has been the worst theatrical season on record. A few of the West End theatres have had successes with their new productions, but there have been a good many failures, and several have closed their doors for the season.

The Strand between Southampton and Bedford streets is thronged daily with hundreds of unemployed actors and actresses, who walk in and out of the agents' offices vainly seeking for work.

"I don't mind, guv'nor, if it is only 30s. a week, so long as I can manage to get a roof over my head and a bit to eat," is the familiar cry of the unfortunate mummer.

One noted wineshop not far from the Strand provides cheese and biscuits ad lib. for its cus-

tomers, and with many poor members of the profession that is their only daily meal.

big provincial towns in the winter. The trouble is we have too many theatres and an enormous overplus of men and women who believe they are fitted for a stage career."

Chorus girls and small-part people are in great distress over the slump in musical comedies this season. Where fifty companies once toured during the summer there are only five this year.

Maiden-lane, Strand, resembles Throgmorton-street during the hours of 12 to 4 p.m. Young men and women wait patiently on the pavement in the hot sun outside the agents' offices in hopes of getting booked for a short tour.

One restaurant in the lane has erected an awning outside, and this has been a blessing to the weary Thespians during the last few hot days. The most daring novice would hesitate to join the theatrical profession after listening to some of the



The Strand between Southampton and Bedford streets is thronged daily with hundreds of unemployed actors and actresses, who walk in and out of the agents' offices vainly seeking for work.

tomers, and with many poor members of the profession that is their only daily meal.

Actors who have just sufficient to pay for their own refreshment will take in others with them so that they, too, can get the benefit of the free cheese and biscuit ration.

The provincial theatres have felt the competition of the new two-houses-a-night music-halls very keenly, and also the want of really good dramas.

An actor of thirty years' standing said yesterday: "The present state of the theatrical business is simply appalling, and I see no hope for better terms in the immediate future."

"The wages paid on tour are so low that artists can scarcely keep body and soul together. When the engagement is over there is not enough left to keep them for a week."

Every day amateurs are coming into the business with money, and pay managers to give them a part. The dramatic schools where "Art" is taught with a big "A" turn out their well-educated pupils backed with money and influence to enter into competition with men and women who are looking for their bread and butter.

### TREATED LIKE MACHINES.

"The old-time managers are all dead," said an actor, "and the present type treat the men and women on the stage like machines."

"In producing a new piece on tour the picture posters, incidental music, and decorations for the stage are on the most elaborate scale, and the cast is the last consideration."

A certain amount is put down for salary against each character, and artists are engaged who are willing to accept that sum.

"At the present time there are numbers of men busking on the sands at the seaside resorts for a few shillings per week who are the idols of the

pathetic hard luck stories of the unemployed mimes."

A prepossessing lady who has had eight years' experience in some of the best touring companies said yesterday:—

"Things are getting from bad to worse, and I can see no chance for any improvement in the condition of the smaller fry."

"When I entered the profession in the chorus eight years ago I received £22 per week and 10s. for understudying, and I have had £3 for the last six years up till recently."

"Agents and managers will take a pretty girl from the counter or domestic service, and give her 15s. a week on tour. To the girl who has been getting 4s. or 5s. per week it seems a fortune, but I know that they absolutely cannot live upon that sum. There is only one possible finish for the deluded girl."

"To curry favour with managers and get their bookings the agents often cut down salaries really offered. Last week I was sent for by an agent who offered me £2 to go on tour. I have my mother to support and could not accept it; and, besides, I had received £3 from the same manager previously."

"When I refused the offer the agent tore up my contract, and called in a hollow-eyed delicate girl, who signed for 30s. If the girls would stick together and stand out for a living wage they would not have to lead the awful lives they do now."

"My sister was recently offered a position in the chorus of a London theatre of 30s. per week providing she had friends who would pay the agent a fee of £50—£24 down and the remainder when she joined the show."

It has been stated on authority that over £200,000 has been lost in theatrical enterprises in London alone this year. In the provinces many theatres have been closed up, and several proprietors made bankrupt.

## "MIRROR'S" NON-STOP MOTOR-CAR TRIALS.

Experts Approve the "Mirror's" Conditions.

### THREE HUMBER CARS ENTERED.

There are now twenty-four provisional entries for the non-stop trial of motor-cars which the *Mirror* is organising.

Messrs. Humbers, of Beeston, write as follows:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

We shall be glad to enter for the trials about to be held by you, as we think it highly important that the public should have every possible opportunity of judging for themselves of the running and reliability of the various cars now on the market. We have every confidence that if capable and impartial judges be appointed, the advantages of well-built English cars will be demonstrated, and we think that not only in the interests of British manufacturers, but also of automobilists, no opportunity should be lost in showing the relative values of English and foreign cars. At the present time a large number of foreign cars are being sold at much higher prices than English cars of certainly equal, if not greater, value.

We hope to be able to enter for the trials a variety of cars, including our well-known "Humberette," the newly-designed light 4-seated car, and the four-cylinder tourist car.

HUMBER, Limited.

Beeston, Notts, July 7.

### Definite Efforts.

The following have formally approved the *Mirror's* conditions for the trial, have agreed to enter cars if the Automobile Club sanctions the trial, and have petitioned the committee of the club to authorise the test:—

1. Mr. S. F. Edge (Napier car).
2. Mr. C. Jarrott (De Dietrich).
3. Mr. Wm. Letts (Oldsmobile).
4. Mr. J. W. Stocks (De Dion).
5. Mr. Moffat Ford (Décauville).
6. Mr. Charles Friswell ("Baby" Peugeot).
7. Mr. Harvey du Cros, jun. (Ariel).

Mr. T. B. Browne has also approved the conditions, and hopes to enter a James and Browne car.

### An Expert to Organise.

Mr. Claude Johnson has undertaken to organise the *Daily Mirror's* non-stop trial, provided the Automobile Club sanctions it.

Mr. Johnson was secretary of the Automobile Club from its foundation in 1897 until his resignation in 1903. He originated and organised the famous 1,000 miles trial around England in 1900, and many other trials. He selected the route and planned the whole of the arrangements for the Gordon-Bennett race in Ireland, but left the club to take up another position some weeks before the race took place.

The fact that Mr. Johnson will undertake the organisation of the trial will doubtless convince the club, automobilists, and the public that the *Mirror's* trial will be strictly carried out in accordance with the best traditions of the Automobile Club.

## ULYSSES OF THE PRESS.

Wandering Journalist's Adventures with Wolves and Snakes.

Philippe Deutsch, a Hungarian journalist, who is trying to walk 25,000 kilometres in 1,000 days, has just reached Manchester, having passed through sixteen countries.

He had a terrible experience during his journey across Russia and Siberia. Through drinking some impure water he contracted a scurvy disease, which marked his face and destroyed his moustache and six of his front teeth.

When he was pursued by a pack of wolves. Possessing neither revolver nor rifle, he took the desperate expedient of flinging a dynamite cartridge among the pack. Several of the wolves were killed. The rest stopped to eat them, and so he escaped.

On another occasion he was attacked by a huge snake which he slept in his portable tent. After a fearful struggle he decapitated the reptile. His foot was bitten, and swelled to an enormous size. A shepherd woman found him in an unconscious state, sucked the wound, and nursed him back to health.

The Kings of Belgium and Portugal and the President of the French Republic granted the walking journalist special audiences, and he treasures many valuable souvenirs from other prominent people.

M. Deutsch is now on his way to London, and is expected to arrive here about Tuesday.

### RETIRED JUDGE'S SUDDEN DEATH.

While at the East Grinstead Literary Institute Sir William Thomas Charley died suddenly yesterday afternoon.

Born in 1833, he was Sir Forrest Fulton's immediate predecessor as Common Sergeant of the City. In 1903, and from 1874 to 1880, Sir William was M.P. for Salford. He was also a keen Volunteer.

## A BEAUFORT CAR

CLIMBED

THE COPENHAGEN ROUND TOWER

AND STILL LEADS BY CLIMBING

Mountains 6,200 ft. Starting from Sea Level, Nearly Twice the Height of Snowdon.

Reprinted from "THE TIMES OF CEYLON."

MONDAY, MAY 16, 1904.

TO NUWARA ELIYA IN A DAY BY MOTOR-CAR.

Mr. R. Davidson Drives His Beaufort Car to Nuwara Eliya in a Day.

Mr. R. Davidson, who recently imported a 10-horse-power Beaufort car, has just returned from a most successful motor trip to Nuwara Eliya. Starting on Friday morning at half-past five from Colombo with Messrs. C. M. Gandy and Rainie, he drove his car via the Ginigattenne Gap and through Dimbula and Nanuoya to Nuwara Eliya without a hitch or breakdown of any sort. Nuwara Eliya was reached at half-past five, which, considering that he started at sea level and had reached 6,200 feet above the sea, must be considered no mean feat. Mr. Davidson describes the condition of the road in some parts as atrocious, especially a little distance out of Colombo, where the road was axle-deep in mud.

On Sunday morning, after taking a few friends for a tour round Nuwara Eliya, Mr. Davidson started on his return journey to Kandy, via Rambodda Pass, driving his car without a hitch or breakdown. Some of the corners at the zig-zags on the Rambodda Pass were so sharp as to necessitate the car being backed occasionally, but no difficulty whatever was experienced with bullock carts, and the only complaint that Mr. Davidson has to make is as regards the large number of stray cattle to be found on the roads, which are naturally a source of danger to motor-cars, however slowly and carefully driven. Reaching Kandy in the afternoon, a halt was made there for the night, and at 5.15 this morning Mr. Davidson and his companions left the Queen's Hotel for Colombo by the old Kandy road. The G.O.H. was reached in exactly five hours, and altogether the whole tour was the most successful from a motoring point of view ever accomplished in Ceylon. Mr. Davidson, we need hardly say, is thoroughly pleased with his car, and now that it has been thoroughly tested by this feat, we take it that he will be contented to tour chiefly along roads which do not put such a strain upon his car.

He is to be congratulated on his feat and on the possession of a very fine machine.

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1904.

BY MOTOR-CAR TO NUWARA ELIYA.

Mr. Davidson's Trip.

We regret that a small mistake crept into our account of the fine performance of Mr. Davidson with his Beaufort car which we published yesterday. It was probably apparent to most people, but it should be corrected. He left Colombo on Saturday, and not on Friday morning, reaching Nuwara Eliya within 12 hours, that is to say, by 5.30 Saturday afternoon. This is not only a record performance in itself, but one which is very creditable to Mr. Davidson's skill and pluck, for he has not had the car more than a few days, and he took no mechanic with him. He drove the car himself the whole way. That alone must have been a severe trial, as the glare and the strain of constant attention were trying. At home, where the roads are wide and level, and carts know the rules of the road, this strain is not nearly so great as it is out here on such a journey, where the roads are narrow, and a foot or two either way would land one in the ditch or over the side of a precipice. Passing carts Mr. Davidson was not troubled with, as the carters generally gave way, but stray cattle he found a source of great danger, as they naturally took no notice of his "toot, toot," and he never knew which way they would bolt. However, all difficulties were eventually negotiated, and the car climbed up through Dimbula to the plains of Nuwara Eliya with triumph, no stop having occurred the whole way through, and no breakdown of any part of the motor-car. This was naturally a matter for congratulation to Mr. Davidson, who ought to be proud of his feat, seeing he covered 100 miles and rose 6,200 feet in the 12 hours. His total run was 240 miles, made up as follows:—Colombo to Nuwara Eliya 100 miles. Down via Kandy 120 miles. In Nuwara Eliya 20 miles. Total 240.

His drive to Kandy on Sunday afternoon was more in the nature of a pleasure trip, and though the portion of the road down the Rambodda Pass had to be negotiated with great care, the run from Rambodda to Kandy Mr. Davidson describes as delightful. The run down from Kandy in five hours on Monday morning was also a pleasant trip and thoroughly enjoyable. The only really bad bits of road were from outside Colombo to Avissawella and near Veangodda on the way back.



Followers of athletics will be glad to hear that the statement that the Rev. H. W. Workman had run his last race of 64, which equaled the Messrs. O. Boyal record, at Rochdale was premature. He has promised to compete in the quarter of a mile invitation race to be held in the grounds of the Bishop of Exeter on the 10th of the next Saturday.

**LATEST SCRAATCHES.**

All published handcaps—Perry.  
Eclipse Bikes—Barnes.  
National Breeders' Standings—St. Donata's.  
Cotton and Bicycles—Barnes.  
Sandown engagements—Switch Gap and Mourvill.  
An engagements—Purbulent, Keenan, Fanny Pitt, and



## Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1d. (id. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY and CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

GENTLEMAN (business man and accountant) desires employment; part or entire time—V. C. 37, Oberstein, Clapham.

LADY (young), 19, requires situation, Cashier or Assistant Book-keeper—M. Y., 14, Tew-grove, Cricklewood.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

## Domestic.

COOK wanted for York; little baking; 9 in family; wages £22—Call day and Monday, Mon. Mrs. W., 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK (young) wanted for one gentleman; working house-keeper kept; wages £22-£24; age 20-25—Call day, 45, New Bond-st., W.

MAID (useful, French-Swiss) wanted at once; good dress-maker; wages £20-£24—Write Y. F., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

NURSES (children) wanted for Blackheath; 2 children; wages £22-£24—Write Y. N., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

SOUTHERNMAID wanted for York; wages £12-£14—Write Y. S., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

## Miscellaneous.

A GOOD Agent wanted; anyone with spare time may secure a good and independent position; no risk or outlay—Address Z. 1451, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

AGENTS WANTED—Kylko; 6d. packet makes 1 ton coal; agents' profit one week, £10; you can do this—C. D. Doyle, C. & Co., Hout, Doncaster.

ELECTRO-PLATE and Silver Trade—Opportunity offers for energetic man with firm connection, to open up trade upon partnership terms with Shells, Stores, and Shippers; capital not required; genuine chance for real good man; exclusive engagement not necessarily suggested—Write, in absolute confidence, to T. Willows, C.O. Mill, Collins, 53, Hutton-gate, E.C.

REQUIRED, a lady to undertake temporary position as Remington Shortland Typist; special; must have had good general experience—Write, stating salary, to Temp. care of Smith & S., Moorgate-st., E.C.

STAGE—Talented Amateur (lady or gentleman) wanted to create leading part in West of Scotland; a romantic costume play; must invest £250; fully secured; principals or soloists only dealt with; invitation to visit—Apply, in first instance, enclosing photograph if possible, to Actoria, care of Cunningham, 43, Ship-st., Brighton.

## HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

APARTMENTS with or without board; close to station and sea—Miss Walker, 4, Farnborough, Waterloo-rd., Mablethorpe.

BRIGHTON—Johannesburg—Boarding—Establishment, Grand-parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.

FELIXSTOWE—4 bed 1 sitting-room; July 31, August 4 guinea weekly—Nurse Darley, 97, Haneland-rd.

GREAT YARMOUTH—Garibaldi Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table—Pavell, Proprietor.

LADY offers in refined home Board-residence to one or two ladies; pleasant situation; garden; poultry; beautiful scenery; house at 14, Clarendon, Midland-rd., Write 1276 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

WAREHAM for a quiet holiday; good accommodation for families, cyclists, and motorists; terms moderate—Cocklebury, Ambleside.

WEYMOUTH, one minute from sea and gardens; terms moderate—Mrs. Ashworth, 1, St. Alban-st.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHICKEN-HATCHING MARVEL—For 2s. 6d. the "Hens" Big Hen Hatcher produces guaranteed superlative incubators, hatches above and rear little ones below simultaneously all the year round; a money-making home industry; requires neither capital nor labour; turns id. eggs into valuable chickens or ducklings; millions selling in America; 15-egg size 2s. 6d. 5s. 6d. complete for use—Address, American Poultry Syndicate, Room 128, 7, Albion-gate, Stoke Newington, London, N. Illustrated list, 1d. stamp.

ARE YOUR SHIRTS AND COLLARS WELL DRESSED? If not, post them to Thompson's Model Laundry, Marlborough, Hammersmith.

ASTHMA CURED by Zematone—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-sav, London.

DEAFNESS AND LOSS IN HEAD—Gentle-cure (Cure) Himself will Send Particulars of Remedy Free—H. Clifton, 21, Amblerly House, 25, Waterloo-rd., London.

OLD KLEINER makes solid gloves new, removes grease from all fabrics; 7d. free—Glaxton Co., Gloucester.

HOPE for the Hopeless—A genuine curative treatment for Cancer, Lupus, Blood Poisoning, Eczema, and kindred diseases; always alleviates, and often cures; send post free; correspondence earnestly invited; poor cases specially treated—Dr. Radcliffe Sydnor, 65, Chancery-lane, London.

HOW TO SING CORRECTLY, without teacher; wonderful scientific method; marvelous results guaranteed—Write free book immediately, 1249, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st., W.

NERVOUSNESS, Mental Exhaustion, Involuntary Blush, Anemia, General Lassitude, Heart Troubles cured by "Sedative" treatment—Write for free book and sample, 1, Woodgate, Hammersmith, London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made—Messrs. M. Brown, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st., London (E.C. 4, 100 years).

WASH times too much coal burned—Write Squire House Mills Company, Huddersfield.

SEXING—Ladies requiring first-class laundry at moderate prices are invited to give us a trial; linen returned punctually; we wash and iron the goods of modern soap; special instructions receive prompt attention; Hannahs will do the work, with perfect sanitation—Squire Laundry, Blyth-rd., West Kensington.

YOUNG Authors advised; stories corrected—Expert, 20a, Mandalay-rd., Clapham-park, S.W.

## Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

## Dress.

A BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 70 articles; 21s.; worth double; robe, daygowns, nightgowns, flannels, belts, piques, headgear; approval—Nurse Morris, 2, St. Ann's-chamber, E.C.

A BARGAIN—UNDERLINEN, 9s. parcel—8, Ladies chemises, knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful night-dresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

A COSTUME to measure, 42s.—Marsh, Tailors, 47, Whitcomb-st., Piccadilly-circus.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

BABY'S LONG OUTFIT, complete set, 50 articles; very choice; unused; 21s.; approval—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

BLOUSES, Skirts, Blouses—New Summer Catalogue, just ready; write for one immediately; post free; stylish Blouse presented to new customer; write for particulars, don't miss opportunity—Wynne Bros., 15a, Bridgewater-st., London.

The Empire Hotels Company "Tour-de-luxe," which includes First-class Return Tickets, 7 and 14 Days' Accommodation, with Inclusive Tariff.

## THE EMPIRE HOTELS

CO., LTD.

## Tour to NORWAY.

THE LOVELIEST SPOT IN NORWAY.

20 Days' Tour for - 12 Guineas.  
13 Days' Tour for - 10½ Guineas.

HOTEL HOLGENAES, SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL HOTEL (Proprietors, EMPIRE HOTELS CO., Ltd.) is situated in park-like grounds, high above the salmon river Rauma, amidst the grandest and most typical Norwegian scenery on the far-famed Romsdal valley. Excellent Boating, Bathing, and Fishing are to be had, and there are well-kept Lawn Tennis and Croquet Courts. The Romsdal is a capital centre for Climbing, Driving, Walking, and Cycling.

Dates of Departure from Newcastle: Every Tuesday during July and August. Splendid Salmon, Grilse, and Sea Trout can be had in the Rauma. Write for full particulars and Guide to Norway (copiously illustrated), post free, from London Offices of The Empire Hotels Co., Ltd., 101, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BONELESS Corsets! full support without steel; lightest weight ever produced; special material; write for particulars—City Tailors, C.O. Mansfield-rd., Nottingham. Mention "Daily Mirror."

BUYING Linen direct from Ireland ensures genuine qualities and lowest prices; special July prices and samples table and bed linen, zephyrs, muslins, free—Hutton's, Room 81, Larne, Ireland.

CINGALESE Lawn, the hit of the season; patterns free—Clapham Lawn Co., 52, Aldermanbury, E.C.

COSTUME (Tailor-made)—A Parisian Ladies' Tailor, having started business in London, in order to acquire good connection, offers special July prices and measure in any design for the sum of 37s. 6d. material and everything included—Write Elegance, at Shelby's, Clapham-rd., E.C.

COURT Dressmaker; highly recommended; French experience; perfect style; fit; exquisite work; prices except; Clapham-rd., E.C. 4, 154, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st., W.

CENT'S SUIT to measure, 25s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Co. 3 times to measure, 52s. 6d.; payments by instalments if desired—City Tailors, 20, Prince Walter-rd., Norwich.

JULY Sale of Irish Linens at special low prices—Hutton's, Room 81, Larne, Ireland. Write at once for full line of free samples, linens, towels, summer dress fabrics.

LADY'S Mail has several costumes to dispose of, from 12s. 6d.—Write 1277, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st., W.

NEW SEALSKIN JACKET, very elegant; latest fashionable sacque shape, with stylish revers, richly lined; suit medium figure; suit wanted; sacrifice 15s.; worth £20; approval—Marjorie, 29, Holland-st., S.W.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

PETTICOATS, Corsets, Costumes, Blouses, fashionable dresses; parcels purchased—35, Lorn-rd., Brighton.

400 MEN'S Summer Alpaca Jackets, 2s. 6d., 3s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., 4s. 11d. each, all sizes; carriage 3d. extra—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st., London, E.C.

500 BOYS' Sailor Suits; serge, 1s. 9d.; velvet, 2s. 6d.; serge Norfolk, 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d.; Kensington, 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d.; carriage 5d. extra; also grand assortment of other clothing—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st., London, E.C.

## Miscellaneous.

A LADY wishes to dispose of valuable leopard skin Bag mounted on black goat skin; would take 45s.; also diamond Marquise Ring, £11 10s., cost £26-L. H. 39, Clapham-rd., W.

ARISTO Crystalline coloured Miniatures set in pendant, brooches, etc., from 2s. 6d.; new permanent process from any photo; photos returned unaltered; sample sent—Ariston, 15, Queen-st., Chapsale, London. (Agents wanted everywhere).

BARGAIN—Ten-guinea Service, silver, hall-marked Table Cutlery; 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel; elegantly mounted. Ivory handles; unsold; sacrifice 7s. 6d., approval willingly—Mrs. Major Branshaw, 45, Handford-rd., S.W.

FISH Kives and Forks; handsome 4-guinea case, 6 pairs silver, hall-marked, mounted ivory handles; unsold; accept 10s. 6d.; companion case Desserts; 16s. 6d.; elaborate 2-guinea case Fish Carvers; 5s. 6d.; approval—M. E. 31, Clapham-rd.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

18 ARTISTIC PICTURE POSTCARDS, assorted, post free, 6d.—Pritchard and Co., 225, High-rd., Ilford.

25 ARTISTIC PICTURE POSTCARDS, assorted, post free, 6d.—Importers, 15, Benbowth-rd., S.E.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 35, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON. GREAT CLEARANCE SALE—FULL LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

10/6. GENT'S SIGNIFICANT 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, post paid, 10 years' warranty, also 18-carat gold (stamped) filed double curb Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear, worth 4s. 6d. Three together. Approval before payment.

10/6. LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled movement, case timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold (stamped) filed, elegant West End design; guaranteed 15 years' wear. Two together. Approval before payment.

19/6. LESS WATCH, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved case, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty, week's trial. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d.

10/6. HANDSOME 65 5s. SERVICE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY, 10 pieces, 10 years' warranty, in case; and Steel; Crayford Ivory balanced handles; unsold; sacrifice 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

8/6. CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat 65 5s. gold (stamped) in Morocco case. Sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

8/6. HANDSOME LONG NECK-CHAIN, genuine 18-carat gold (stamped) filed, 18-in. design, in Morocco case, 8s. 6d.; another, heavier, exceedingly beautiful pattern, extra long, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

9/6. FIELD, Race, or Marine Glass, £4 4s. military binocular, 45 miles range, 45 magnifying power, 9x9 lenses, in saddle-made case. Sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval before payment.

MAGNIFICENT 65 5s. 3-plate HAND CAMERA; takes 12 plates, time and snapshot shutter, with developing and printing accessories. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

10/6. LADY'S magnificent 45 5s. solid gold half-hoop RING, large lustre stones; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

21/- CLASPSTONE BAG, 24-in.; real brown cowhide; strong leather straps; nickel silver fittings, etc.; never used; sacrifice, 21s.; cost 24s. 6d. Approval before payment.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 35, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

## MARKETING BY POST.

A—A Dainty Dress Parcel for 30s.; a marvel of enterprise; 2s. 6d. posted, balance 1s. weekly; write us for particulars; no security or reference required—J. Harris and Son, Limited, Credit Store, 70, 72, 74, 76, and 78, Old Kent-rd., E.C. The prices charged will only allow us to supply London and the suburbs.

A SPECIAL OFFER—2 large Chickens, 3s. 6d., 3 ditto for 5s.; large roasting Fowls, 4s. 6d. pair; large ducklings, 3s. pair; London cash on delivery; so that customers may inspect the value before paying—Jones, 421, Central Market, Telephone 7250, Hobs.

ABSOLUTELY PURE DEVONSHIRE CREAM—1lb. is 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lb., 4s.; free; testimonials received daily commending delicious flavour; superior quality—Mrs. Conners, Chagford, Devonshire.

CHICKENS and FOWLS—3 Chickens 5s., two special Chickens 4s., two Fowls 4s. 6d., two 4s. 6d., delivered free on receipt of P.O.—Maples and Co., 40, Small's Apartments, Cloth Fair, Smithfield, E.C. Telephone 6022, Hobs.

CHOICE TABLE POULTRY and genuine Fresh Butter—Send P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, containing pair Fowls, 10s. 6d., two 4s. 6d., and 1lb. Pure Fresh Butter, or 2lb. Cambridge Sausages, or 1 Ringed Roast, or 1lb. Wisbech, London Depot: 401, Central Market, E.C.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Fresh, thick, Pasteurised cream, sterilised cream, butter, fresh milk, and eggs, spring chickens, country ducklings, choice fruit, vegetables, and cut flowers; price list free—Prideaux's Dairy Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.

FINEST TABLE POULTRY—Send P.O. Central Market Supply, 45s. Partridge, 4s. 6d., 2 extra large 5s. 6d., 2 large boiling Fowls 3s. 6d.; 2 finest Aylesbury Ducks 5s. 6d. All trussed. Carriage paid.

POULTRY—H. PEAKE is the PIONEER of high-class Poultry.

THREE SPECIAL OFFERS—Three Fine Pigeons for 5s. Two Large Specialty-fattened Fowls, for 5s. Two Large Fine Quality Chickens, 4s. Cash with order; carriage free.

H. PEAKE, 402-403, Central Markets, London, Tel. 6769 Central.

## PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.—"How Money Makes Money"—Post free to all who mentioning this paper. With clearly shown, and with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made, £10 can make from £5 to £10 profit per week! Not so bad, is it? Capital returnable at any moment—Ridley and Skinner, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS TO £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approved note and metal, trading business, or payments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no charges unless money called for or way out; full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 358, Highbury-rd., Forest-rd., E. London.

LOANS—£10 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.; repay by post—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post—Apply Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY advanced to Householders and others; £5 to £1,000; without loss or sureties; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; no charges unless money called for; 29, Gillingham-st., Victoria Station.

MONEY—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

PAINEER wanted (working preferred) with £500 capital in established fine art and metal framing business, no agents—Write 1455, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

We do not say from to-day onwards, there is going to be a large rise in American, but we say that we are waiting that between now and the end of June American Railway Shares should be selling many points higher. This is what we wrote our clients on 21st May last, advising a purchase of American Railway Shares. You can equally good information. If you will communicate with us. Send at once for latest advice—Ridley and Co., 23, Roper-st., E.C. 4. Telegrams: Ridley, London. Telephone, 1755 Central.

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note and metal, trading business, or payments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no charges unless money called for or way out; full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 358, Highbury-rd., Forest-rd., E. London.

WANTED TO Borrow £150 at low interest; repay five years by instalments. Letters only, L. V. G. 63, Balls Pond-rd., N.

Advertisements under the headings: Houses and Properties, Musical Instruments, Board-Residence and Apartments, Motors and Cycles, Educational.

Appear on page 2.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO., LTD., at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.—Saturday, July 9, 1904.